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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 20.

THE LIBERATOR.

SOUTHERN MONEY.

I was surprised and sorry to see the remarks of Peter C. Wright, on the slaveholders' contributions to the Irish relief fund. It seems to me, he says, a false issue, and that his scruples are unreasonable. His argument, if fairly carried out, would reduce him to the absurdity of never receiving money from any man, until by a thorough investigation of his character, he had ascertained that he was a perfect Christian. Either friend Wright himself must starve, or his argument is unsound; and the point of difference which he has overlooked, is comparing this with the case of the Free Church contractions, he seems to have done, is this—that the receiving of the latter involved a tacit recognition of slaveholders as Christians, while the former only involves the acknowledgment, that ungod and iniquitous men may sometimes be moved to do a benevolent act. When they are so moved, let them by all means be encouraged. I would take money from Satan himself to avoid a good cause with, provided always, I continued free as before to call him Satan. I would take money from slaveholders, if I could get it, to prosecute the anti-slavery war—but would not your friend Wright? The British Committee have certainly shown their proslavery bias, by accepting slaveholders' money, and rejecting that from the theatre; but their error was not in receiving the former, but in refusing the latter.

Friend Wright's argument, doubtless, is, that by using the proceeds of slave labor, we indirectly encourage its employment. But there is another view of the question. By using the proceeds of slave labor for such a purpose, do we not encourage the benevolent and humane feelings of the slaveholder? I would that they might use more of their money for such purposes. It seems to me that, after a twelve-month of such actions, they would be much more open to conviction on the subject of their own sins, than before. If this argument is far-fetched, it is not more so than the other, and it certainly seems to me to have more weight.

A.

STATE OF THE CAUSE IN MAINE.

WISHLAN, Cumberland Co. (Me.) 4th mo. 19th, 1847.

FRIEND GARRISON:

In these degenerate days, it seems to me that all should be found ready and willing to cast their mite into the treasury of truth, when they have learned where the treasury is. Acting from these views, I have concluded to say a word in relation to the pro-slavery condition of my native State. We are greatly in the dark about true anti-slavery action. The Liberty Party, it is true, are quite strong. They have sacrificed the blessings of slavery; yes, their whips and chains, their concubinage, their bread and butter, kind masters, and all—and, following the course of the rivers, directing their course towards the North star, have found their way to the cold and inhospitable regions of Victoria's dominions, where, according to W's idea of things, they will be compelled to sell themselves, as best they can, to procure their own bread, (and eat it too), to build their own houses, pay their shoemakers and tailor, and provide for all their wants—enjoy their own families, and finally perish amid the horrors of famine, pestilence, and prostitution; instead of having a master to tell them when they may sleep, when they shall wake—to give them bread when they are hungry—yes, and make them 'fat to, for the market'; and tell the men, when they may have wives, and the women, when they may share their master's bed! All these blessings are sacrificed by the poor deluded creatures. What a blessing it must be to belong to a master, who will take the trouble of selling them, and they not have to sell themselves!—The liberated slave is dead! He is a dead slave, but a live man. What tears of commiseration ought we to shed for the 800,000 slaves, who were all at once liberated by the fiat of British Law, in the West Indies! Must not the spirits of those British philanthropists, (Willesforce and Clarkson,) who labored so long and faithfully to liberate the poor slave, year over their wretched condition? According to testimony of undoubted correctness, those liberated slaves have to take care of themselves. They are revelling amidst all the horrors of civil liberty! They have to sell themselves as best they may, build their houses, and provide for their own household. They have to educate their children, and perform all the duties of civil society, and have no master to do it for them. Some of them have to do the duties of civil magistrates and legislators—others are teachers of youth—&c. & How the wisdom of William West will shine in future ages, with an effulgence which will eclipse the glory of abolitionists both sides of the Atlantic, and be a wonder to future generations! As I have had the privilege of beholding the beauties of slavery with my own eyes, I intend, at some future time, to state some facts, that will illustrate the wisdom of the new lights of the present generation, that will help immortalize their doctrines in future history.

B.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.  
REPORT OF MR. KEYES ON THE MEXICO-CAN WAR.

In an age when peace prevails over a larger surface of the globe than has ever before confessed its benign presence, our country finds itself involved in war. The general harmony is broken by our discord with a neighbor and sister republic. Enormous appropriations of money are diverted from purposes of usefulness and beneficence. Life, which a refined Christian civilization daily regards with new reverence, is squandered in bloody death on the field of battle. Many, after sinking under the privations and hardships of the camp, and the pernicious influence of an unaccustomed climate, have laid their unconfined bones far away from their homes. Families are made desolate. Wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, are now mourning husbands, sons, fathers and brothers, whose faces they shall never again behold—whose dying agonies were relieved by no voice of kindness, no solace of prayer. The spirit of war, so adverse to the interests of republicanism and the spirit of the Gospel, now predominates as ultra as truth, as fanatical as justice and right, and will be radical, ultra and fanatical enough, and not ill be rational.

What, it is asked, has our support of the government to do with slavery? It seems to me perfectly plain, that, in reality, our government is identical with slavery; that our rulers, acting in obedience to the dictates of the slave power, have destroyed the last spark of the little freedom which our fathers left us; that bought not the ghost of liberty remains in our land; yet I believe this spectre glares on her ministers from the walls of the capitol, echoes rebuke from every hill-side, is present at their feet (as we see it); and the language of Macbeth is not now available for them, 'Thou canst not say I did it'—nor shake thy gory locks at me!—For, like the ghost of Banquo, it will not vanish at their bidding.

Men may cry traitor, and then let them look at their own hands to see if they are not blood-stained. Let them consider, whether is the traitor, he who, seeing his country tottering on the brink of a mad-sack of oppression and iniquity—each succeeding whirl of whose waters threatens to merge it in irreparable ruin—would seek to save it ere it is too late, or he who lends his aid to the scores of demagogues, who are constantly urging it downward into the vortex of destruction.

J. W. C.

A New Species of Happiness—A letter writer from Vera Cruz says: 'The shells from our mortars, bursting in every direction, scattered death and destruction within the city, and it is fair to presume that the round shot from our batteries had an equally happy effect.'



The history of the annexation of Texas cannot be fully understood, without reverting to the early settlement of that province by citizens of the United States. Mexico, on achieving her independence of the United States.

Nothing is more true or more extensively known, than Mr. Van Buren, in 1844, that Texas was wrested from Mexico, and her independence established, through the instrumentality of the United States.

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and by his urgent natural eloquence, rekindling indignation at the wicked national lie, uttered by America, that, in the eyes of her Constitution, all men are free. "Liberty," cries America, and the cork of the slave whip responds to the mockery. We feel ashamed, humiliated, that Englishmen are to be found ready to trim, in fact to pay courtesy to this national atrocious, to this worst of blasphemy upon God's creatures, by persecuting the black man when about to return to the United States.

However, let Mr. Douglass tell his own story. He has addressed the subjoined letter to the paper.

"Not until I turned my face towards America," writes Douglass, "in his innocence, a little astonished. And yet, we doubt not, that Mr. M'IVER, as the mouth-piece of the packet company, could give, what appears to them, a most profound answer to this: yes, an answer brought from the very depths of the broad Atlantic. The *Cunard* and other ships of the Cunard line, take out, among other passengers, free American citizens, to the freest nation of the earth. Well, the company have a proper purpose, shillings, and pence respect for the man-dealing, blood-buying prejudice of their customers:

— the devil is sometimes worshipp'd for his busing throne! The Steam Company smirk and take their hats off to a diabolical Wickedness, when said Wickedness comes with money in its hand. As a nation we give twenty millions to cleanse ourselves of the abomination of slavery. Nevertheless, there is yet among us a body of merchants—a Company—who are still ready to turn the shilling, by doing reverence to the prejudices of the hucksters of human flesh and blood. Frederick Douglass, the man of color, is the victim obsequiously sacrificed by the *Cunard* line to the god Mammon, shipped for passage on board the *Cambria*.

The man of color takes his meals alone. To this he is compelled by a British Company—Christians and all anti-slavery men, no doubt, in the abstract—out of respect to certain passengers, members of a slave-dealing community. The man of color sits apart, with only God to look upon him—only God, gentlemen of the Company—that he may not by his touch or aspect defile the daintiness sensibilities of those who would sell him like the carcass of a beast. A refined and delicate offering this is to the part of English Commerce to American Iniquity! Certain we are, that there are thousands, nay, tens of thousands of Americans who will resent this most pusillanimous conduct of the Company—this disgusting, crawling homage to the Giant Vice of a nation. It will, doubtless, be replied to us, that the Company are compelled, even in violation of their own wishes, to pay respect to the prejudices of certain of their passengers. To this we have our answer. To how to some "prejudices," as they are called, is to be cursed with the sin of blasphemous idolatry; to pay homage to certain wrongs, to be wrong-doers. Respect the prejudices of slavery! We should as soon think of respecting the prejudice of murder. In these matters the term respect is often grossly misapplied. We cannot respect what we know to be foolish, wrong or wicked; no; at the best we tolerate it. Now, the injustice done to Frederick Douglass, is not the toleration of a wrong by the Company, but a selfish participation in the wickedness of slavery. It is an injustice committed with prudence pre-see—and, we may add, for

And Frederick Douglass, this man of color—did some men ingeniously carry their hearts in their faces, what Ethiops they would be!—was compelled to submit to the terms of an English Christian Company. He takes his meals alone! How odd it is, that Nature, when she made the black, did not grow it into some known particular food—did not send to the earth some lower order of brute, unmistakably marked and badged as his own foul similitude; so that white Christian feeders might not be occasionally wounded by the thought that, at Nature's table, the often ate the same elements as the negro. On board the *Cambria* will the steward be permitted to supply Douglass with the same food as that swallowed in the saloon?

Men of color, whose eloquence has stirred the English hearts of tens of thousands, is 'not to mix with the Saloon company.' He could not, of course, smudge them with the blackness of his skin—but he might impair them in a moral darkness and taint, very baneful to their souls, so pure and candid to the sense of heaven.

The Dispatch here proceeds to give the particulars of the treatment of Mr. Douglass on board of the *Cambria*.]

We are convinced our readers will, one and all, concur in pronouncing this to be a most hard case; nay, more—a cruel and heartless one. For ourselves, we contemplate it with the deepest indignation, and wish there was a law to punish the people who have dared thus to insult an offending tell-tale creature. It is perfectly clear that the Messrs. Cunard must have issued orders relative to persons of color, which orders were either unknown to the London agent, or which he, perhaps, deemed too monstrous even to be fulfilled. If the Messrs. Cunard have not issued such orders, then it is evident that Mr. M'IVER, in Liverpool, has taken upon himself the institution of as savage and brutal a despotism as it was ever our painful duty to expose. Why, such an atrocious proceeding, if enacted in semi-barbarous Russia, would, when made known to the world, raise a yell of execration and genorous wrath throughout the British Islands. Of a surety the nerves of the passengers in the *Cambria* must be very weak, and their sympathies amazingly strong, if they could not brook the company of a man of color! General Boyer, the late President of Hayti, was a man of color; and yet, he enjoyed an almost sovereign rank. Were the emperor of Morocco to embark on board a Cunard steamer, no such vile and disgusting conduct would be shown to his Imperial Majesty? No—no: a President or an Emperor would be courted, instead of shunned, even though he were blacker than a certain ancient gentleman himself; but a simple citizen is deemed a fitting butt for the most infamous and degrading of prejudices. Every one knows that, while the white people represent the Devil to be black, the nations of color depict him as being white—a proof that the inhabitants of the different regions think their own hue the most orthodox. Who, then, shall dare to say, "My color is the proper one?" God created man in his own image; but it is now impossible to say whether Adam and Eve had black skin. It really seems to us a dream that we should be called upon to record so shameful an instance of detestable oppression as this which Mr. Douglass has experienced. But who were the passengers whose antipathies were so prejudiced, and so little cared for? They were, most likely, a mixture of English and Americans. We believe that the white people of the United States have in their object in associating with the colored race a precise intention to maintain the abhorrent system of negro-slavery, which is a plague-spot and a stain on a country otherwise possessing many glorious institutions. But we had yet to learn that there were found English persons so besotted and so awfully behaved as to care one fig what color a man's skin might be, so long as his conduct was becoming and respectable. Mr. Douglass thinks he has no remedy in the case. We believe and hope he has. If Mr. Ford be the accredited agent of the Cunard Company, the Company is clearly responsible for the acts of his servant; and we should advise Mr. Douglass to obtain legal advice on the subject. In the meantime, we sincerely sympathize with him in the treatment he has received, and we hope that he will find the whole British press taking up his cause with the indignant warmth which a perusal of the facts is calculated to provoke.

A general indignation, honorable to the British public, has been created by the announcement that Mr. Frederick Douglass, an American of color, well known in this country as an anti-slavery agitator, had been refused a cabin passage to New York in one of Cunard's mail steamers, in obediency to the detestable American feeling which refuses to acknowledge any of the negro race as equal to white-men. The refusal was given, not by Mr. M'IVER, but by his subordinate, and in his absence—a fact which seems to render the matter worse, by showing that the refusal is part of a system, and did not arise from any speciality in Mr. Douglass's case. Mr. M'IVER alleges that, had he been at home, he would have exonerated Mr. Douglass a pledge that he would not, as on a former occasion, when "invited" by the captain and some of the saloon passengers, deliver his sentiments on slavery, and so cause dissension and confusion during the voyage. But this does not touch the case as it stands—because Mr. Douglass was not refused his passage on the ground on which Mr.

rights of all men, of every color and of every clime, shall be vindicated from outrage and desecration. It is time that English travellers should strongly and systematically record their bitter protest on grounds of natural justice, and British integrity, of which, not Frederick Douglass alone, but every one of his brethren, has uniformly been the victim. It becomes the duty of our Anti-Slavery Societies to direct the force of public opinion towards the managers of the companies who yield to the mischievous influence which that prejudiced has been allowed to acquire. I feel assured that the legitimate power of an enlightened and just sentiment will not fail of its due effect.

For myself, I deem it a sacred duty, following out my long cherished and strong conviction, to take this prominent notice of the matter. I avow my intention so to do to Mr. Douglass himself; and I am happy in rendering my humble share in vindication of the rights of my colored brethren. The country disowns and abhors the act, and which I am connected. For this result, we are certainly indebted to the generous promptitude and vigor with which the master was taken up by the London press, which opened a fire on the company that would certainly never have slackened till the wrong committed was in some manner acknowledged and redressed. The insult inflicted on Mr. Douglass on English soil and by Englishmen has called forth an expression of feeling which proves that the country disowns and abhors the act, and which I am connected. 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The particulars will be found in another column. Imagine, if possible, in what predicament society would be placed, if such base conduct be not instantly condemned, by the unanimous voice of an insulted nation. We forbear further remarks, but subjoin the following from *The Times*:

Private Correspondence.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

London, Wednesday, April 7.

The letter of Frederick Douglass, embodied in an article in another column, from the *Manchester Express*, is fitted to fill the mind with the deepest humiliation that a cruel prejudice should still reign in the hearts and conduct of Christians, and lead them to act in a manner that would disgrace barbarians. Mr. Douglass is a man of talent and intelligence, his manners are those of a gentleman—and as a gentleman, he has been received and treated by multitudes of highly respectable people in the United Kingdom. He has, during the last nineteen months, travelled here by all sorts of conveyances, visited our public places, and in no instance has he found Englishmen, of Irish or Scotch, shrinking from him on account of his color, or resenting his intrusion. Having been liberally purchased by the generosity of English friends, he was about to return to his native land, as mentioned in my last. He went to the agent of the American packet in London, and having his assurance that his color would be no impediment to his mixing with the other passengers, in the cabin, he paid £10 for a particular berth. When he arrived in Liverpool, he found that berth taken by another—was told the London agent had no authority to engage a berth to him—and that if he went in the packet at all, he must eat by himself, and keep aloof from the other passengers! Is there no way of teaching manners to these Americans? They and their brother guilty of a skin not colored like their own, and having power to enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause, 'drown him like a boar, or leper, or a dangerous lunatic, or a desperate felon'—some remote corner of the steamer, lest he should come between the wind and their nobility; and these men boast of their Christianity!

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

—I enclose with, and admire your sentiments on the case of Mr. Douglass.

In 1810 I was a passenger in that noble steamship the Great Western. A black clergyman, of mild and unassuming manners, was on board, having taken a first-class berth at Bristol. A great sensation was the consequence when he seated himself, as he had a right to do, in the main cabin; but the captain informed the officers, who, for the honor of Great Britain and Ireland, were all Americans, that his directors would rather have forgone all their company, and the emoluments therefrom, than displease the right, or be a party to an insult to any gentleman against whom their only objection was color. At the same time he was authorized to provide another berth for that white gentleman, whose lot placed him in the same cabin with the Rev. Mr. —. If he desired it. He did so, and the reverend gentleman had a whole cabin to himself, without any additional charge.

From the London 'Universe' of April 10th.

A letter in another column will inform the reader of the indignity offered to Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, now on return to his native land in the steam-packet *Cambria*. The facts are soon told.

Whence this exclusion? Was he unfit for social intercourse with the other passengers? Was he supposed to be a suspicious character? No such thing. God, who has made of one blood all nations of men, had given him a darker complexion than any of the other passengers, and for this is he insulted, degraded socially, excluded.

And this, let it be remembered, took place in England—in Liverpool—on board a steam-ship, a large proportion of whose proprietors are Englishmen—yes, these free-born Englishmen consent for 'fifth livery' to a regulation which excludes from social intercourse some of the fine specimens of manhood from the hand of God. Some of our contemporaries have fallen into a mistake about this particular case of social injustice; they attribute it to the presence of some American passengers on board the *Cambria*. We have a strong impression that this is a mistake, and that the insult offered to FREDERICK DOUGLASS is the result of a standing regulation of the company to whom the vessel belongs. If we are correct, it shows all the more clearly how necessary it is immediately to investigate the rules of a company to whom we pay so large a sum for the transmission of the mails; and to demand that those rules shall harmonize with the spirit and genius of British liberty. If this matter be taken up with spirit, guidance, strength, and victory over the dark spirit of oppression. Mr. Gay, the editor of the Standard, then read a brief but gratifying report of the state of our cause and the action of the Society during the year. Francis Jackson, Treasurer, then read his report, by which it appears that the income and expenditures of the Society, since the last anniversary, have been nearly **NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS**, leaving a balance in the treasury of two hundred dollars. Wendell Phillips then offered the following resolution:

DISGRACEFUL TREATMENT OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

To the Editor of the *Manchester Examiner*.

—Sir, I read in your *Yours* paper, with a degree of painful interest I can scarcely describe, the account you furnished to the public of the treatment received by Frederick Douglass, from the owners of Cunard's line of packets between Liverpool and New-York, and I have since been more forcibly struck with the conviction, that it is due to the Christian feeling of this country, no less than to the consistency of our own character and professions on behalf of our brethren in bonds, that we, by some mode, mark our signal disapproval and condemnation of the indignity Mr. Douglass has received from the proprietors of the ship before alluded to. Englishmen have now, for many years, heard a good deal of the horrors of slavery, but hitherto, I am sorry to say, there has not been that general manifestation of desire to labor in the cause of abolition, which there ought to be and which there must be, before any impression can be made on the strongholds of American slavery.

The moral sentiment of this country must and should have an influence on the American public, and if it were but firmly and determinedly expressed, I feel assured it would shake to its foundations that abominable institution. Here, however, we have a case in point,—a case occurring on our own shores, serving to illustrate the studied insult and contumely to which the colonized population are subjected,—no matter what their character, intelligence, and general Christian worth may be.

Sir, if this instance does not arouse the Christian feeling of this country, and set the abolitionists of England to work in earnest, I know not what will. For myself, I regard it as a solemn duty, in which our own honor is in a great degree involved, that we see Mr. Douglass set right in this matter. I am a very humble individual, and I do not presume to dictate in any thing; at the same time I would respectfully suggest, that a society be formed, and funds raised, to institute inquiry into the matter; and that, if the law of England will reach the owners of Cunard's line, in this case, it will be enforced against them,—not in a revengeful spirit,—but as a mark of the moral sense of Englishmen against the gross wrong of which they have been guilty, and a simple act of justice between the British people and the oppressed negro.

E. H. K.

Stockport, April 7, 1847.

From the London *Weekly Chronicle*, 11th April, 1847.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE SKIN.

The writer of this letter is the African who, escaping from slavery, came to this country for the purpose of agitating the Slave question, where he has attended several meetings, made many speeches, created some dissension by attacking the Ministers of Religion countenancing slavery by acknowledging the brotherhood of ministers in America, or the Christian Community of Congregations, there who do so; and who may be said to have carried the majority of his hearers with him. He is, then, a celebrity in his way; and, without falling into the extreme views of some who very naturally lay the phenomenon beyond his actual qualifications, it is not to be denied that he is an extraordinary man.

That, however, is not now the question. Mr. Douglass, about to quit this country—the philanthropic feelings of which has purchased his emancipation, and sent him forth a free man—free, at least, from personal restraint in America on account of his color, if not from the vengeance of Lord Ch. of Justice Lynch—has been arrested in his progress, in a manner not only disgusting in its nature, but—least, reflectively, to the Nation, in which perverted education and perverted religion can foster and sustain.—*Sheffield Independent*.

From the *Leeds Mercury*, 10th April.

INSULT TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN ENGLAND.

Our readers will peruse with indignation the letter of this distinguished advocate of Negro freedom which records the fact that on English ground a gross insult and injustice has been done him for no reason whatever except the color of his skin! Nothing can excuse the truckling of the Cunard Company to the unyielding prejudice of American citizens against one of the victims of their own social arrangements. We trust that the universal cry of 'shame,' which is now ringing in their ears, will deter them from ever repeating this insult to human nature—at least, on British ground. If American citizens cannot associate with nature's noblemen, let them sail and travel in solitary or obscure state—a beacon to all other people to avoid the practice of oppression if they would not be cut off from equal intercourse with the universal family of man.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS leaves the shores of England with the sincere respect of every friend of freedom, and the best wishes of all for the success of that great cause to which his life will henceforth be dedicated.

ENGLAND MADE ASHAMED.

We insert in another column, a letter of Frederick Douglass, explaining the treatment he has received from the agents of the steamship *Cambria*. In our respect, this occurrence is fortunate. It shows the intensity of the American prejudice, which can thus act across the Atlantic, and drive the agents of a wealthy company to connive so gross an outrage on English feeling. Such a blow to the national sensibility, resounds through the country. Through all its journals, the entire nation is affected with indignation and shame. Every heart is affected with indignation and shame. Every man feels how vile a system it is, which perverted education and perverted religion can foster and sustain.—*Sheffield Independent*.

From the *London Sun*, April 8th.

Anything more ungenerous and disgusting could not be imagined than the conduct evinced towards Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, (whose letter we published in our columns of yesterday,) by the Liverpool agent for the steam-ship *Cambria*, which runs between this country and Boston, it were difficult to conceive.

Such treatment is, indeed, an outrage upon British feeling and British philanthropy. Against such a scandalous proceeding Mr. F. DOUGLASS, on the eve of his departure, wrote a protest which, in just his own appropriate language, 'he felt to be his own rights as a man, as well as to the honor and dignity of the British public.' In having taken this step Mr. Douglass has faithfully anticipated the judgment which every high-souled Englishman will pass upon the disgraceful conduct he has experienced. We do not envy the feelings which ought to auctuate the mind of Mr. Douglass on reading the concluding paragraph of his letter:—'I have travelled in this country nineteen months, and have always enjoyed equal rights with other passengers, and I was not until I turned my face towards America, that I met with anything like proscription on account of my color.' The more we reflect upon this matter, the worse it appears. The assertion of the London agent acted without authority is a spang'd-up excuse. How happened it that Mr. Douglass was not informed of the objection to his passage? insit he might have received—perhaps concession; but the laws of England know how to punish both, and Mr. Douglass could not have so persisted, and the Company and its servants so resisted, without giving a right of action, in which a British Jury would have been apt to give very sufficient damages.

How far Mr. Douglass has now compromised that right we are not prepared to say, without a full statement of the facts; but surely the Government might mark, at least, its sense of the most gross and illegal wrong done to Mr. Douglass by the Company, which has so shamelessly surrendered to the delicate sensibilities of that part of people, who go-sheath, amuse, repudiate, eat with their knives, spit upon the carpets, and deny the human nature of half of God's creation, because it is black.

BLACK AND WHITE DISTINCTIONS.

Four of the four thousand Ethiopian sermons at present in England applied for berths on the 'Cambria' to return to their native Ethiopia, but were refused on account of their color. It was only when they had taken the sot off their faces, and had washed their hands of the foul disgrace of being genuine blacks, that they were allowed to associate with the American passengers. We wonder the Yankees, in their hatred of every thing black, do not, when they represent *Oleello*, make him a white general.—*Punch*.

THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir.—Observing in *The Times* of this day a letter, signed 'Charles M. Burrow, of the Asylum, Virginia, United States, Head Manager of the Cunard Company, of Liners,' I beg to inform you that no such person, or any other individual in the United States, holds any share or interest in the steam-ships al-

luded to, and that the statements set forth in that letter are entirely untrue.

No one can regret more than I do, the unpleasant circumstances respecting Mr. Douglass's passage; but I can assure you that nothing of the kind had agreed to accommodate Mr. Douglass in the *Cambria*, and that then, and not before, she was on the eve of leaving the harbor, regardless only of their pockets, and shamefully regardless of the constitutional laws of freedom, for which England has so long been proudly renowned, the company determined to sacrifice Mr. Douglass to the vilest prejudices that can warp the human mind? But whether this was the real state of the case, or not, it is grievous to consider the miserable and dishonorable extent to which a company, partly formed of Englishmen, have descended to pander to the tyrannical conceits of the upholders of slavery. America may boast of her freedom, but so long as her practice belies her vaunted principles of equality, the sons of genuine freedom will laugh her to scorn. For ourselves, we should heartily rejoice if the Government were in a condition, without a breach of contract, to mark its sense of insult which has been offered to the British nation, in the person of Mr. Douglass, by withdrawing the allowance which they make to the company for the conveyance of the mails.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

S. CUNARD.

22, Duke-street, St. James's, April 13.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, MAY 14, 1847.

NEW-YORK ANNIVERSARY.

NEW-YORK, April 11, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Our anniversary meeting has just closed. It was attended by a large throng of highly intelligent and reflecting persons, and the proceedings were of the most satisfactory and inspiring character. I am satisfied that an unusually powerful impression was made on the minds of those present. The attention they gave to the various speakers was deep and earnest, and they frequently responded in bursts of enthusiastic approval to the bold and stirring sentiments that were uttered. Occasionally, a few hisses could be heard from some evil spirits who were tormented just at the right time, but their opposition was very feeble, and only served to bring out all the better feelings of the audience in loud and protracted applause. The result has clearly demonstrated a wonderful change in public sentiment, especially in this city, within a comparatively short period. To-day, on our platform, doctrines were maintained, and sentiments advanced, in regard to Church and State, the Union and the Constitution, not only without uproar, but with strong approval, that would have subjected us to great peril, if they had been uttered a few years since. As sure as the sun shines, or water rolls, or the grass is growing, our anti-slavery leaven is fermenting the whole lump of society. God is with us, and never working more diligently for us, than when the clouds are the thickest, and the prospect most dubious. At the commencement of the meeting, I read portions of the 2d and 18th chapters of Jeremiah, which seemed to me singularly applicable to the history and career of this country—its deliverance from colonial vassalage, its subsequent forgetfulness of God, its grievous wandering from the path of justice, its worship of the Moloch of slavery, its liability to divine retribution. Our beloved and unwavering friend SAMUEL MAX, Jr., formerly of Leicester, but now of Brooklyn, Ct., followed in a devout and earnest prayer up with spirit, guidance, strength, and victory over the dark spirit of oppression. Mr. Gay, the editor of the Standard, then read a brief but gratifying report of the state of our cause and the action of the Society during the year. Francis Jackson, Treasurer, then read his report, by which it appears that the income and expenditures of the Society, since the last anniversary, have been nearly **NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS**, leaving a balance in the treasury of two hundred dollars. Wendell Phillips then offered the following resolution:

DISGRACEFUL TREATMENT OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

To the Editor of the *Manchester Examiner*.

—Sir, I enclose with, and admire your sentiments on the case of Mr. Douglass.

In 1810 I was a passenger in that noble steamship the Great Western. A black clergyman, of mild and unassuming manners, was on board, having taken a first-class berth at Bristol. A great sensation was the consequence when he seated himself, as he had a right to do, in the main cabin; but the captain informed the officers, who, for the honor of Great Britain and Ireland, were all Americans, that his directors would rather have forgone all their company, and the emoluments therefrom, than displease the right, or be a party to an insult to any gentleman against whom their only objection was color. At the same time he was authorized to provide another berth for that white gentleman, whose lot placed him in the same cabin with the Rev. Mr. —. If he desired it. He did so, and the reverend gentleman had a whole cabin to himself, without any additional charge.

From the London 'Universe' of April 10th.

A letter in another column will inform the reader of the indignity offered to Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, now on return to his native land in the steam-packet *Cambria*. The facts are soon told.

WHENCE this exclusion? Was he unfit for social intercourse with the other passengers? Was he supposed to be a suspicious character? No such thing. God, who has made of one blood all nations of men, had given him a darker complexion than any of the other passengers, and for this is he insulted, degraded socially, excluded.

And this, let it be remembered, took place in England—in Liverpool—on board a steam-ship, a large proportion of whose proprietors are Englishmen—yes, these free-born Englishmen consent for 'fifth livery' to a regulation which excludes from social intercourse some of the fine specimens of manhood from the hand of God. Some of our contemporaries have fallen into a mistake about this particular case of social injustice; they attribute it to the presence of some American passengers on board the *Cambria*. We have a strong impression that this is a mistake, and that the insult offered to FREDERICK DOUGLASS is the result of a standing regulation of the company to whom the vessel belongs. If we are correct, it shows all the more clearly how necessary it is immediately to investigate the rules of a company to whom we pay so large a sum for the transmission of the mails; and to demand that those rules shall harmonize with the spirit and genius of British liberty. If this matter be taken up with spirit, guidance, strength, and victory over the dark spirit of oppression. Mr. Gay, the editor of the Standard, then read a brief but gratifying report of the state of our cause and the action of the Society during the year. Francis Jackson, Treasurer, then read his report, by which it appears that the income and expenditures of the Society, since the last anniversary, have been nearly **NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS**, leaving a balance in the treasury of two hundred dollars. Wendell Phillips then offered the following resolution:

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From the Liverpool Mercury.

BUILD UP THE SCAFFOLD!  
SUGGESTED BY READING IN THE "MERCURY" OF APRIL 2nd,  
AN ACCOUNT OF A RECENT EXECUTION AT MONTREAL.

Build up the scaffold!  
The hammer rang with a hollow sound,  
As they drove the planks in the fatal ground,  
And every nail, and bolt, and bar,  
Fell on the ear with a horrid jar;  
And as echo bore the sound along,  
Death caught it up with a fiendish snare—  
The transverse beam they 've now fixed on.  
The carpenter his work hath done.

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
Up in the prison two men lay,  
Watching th' approach of the coming day,  
Stealing in, through crevices and chink;  
Each starts and trembles, and shudders to think,  
(As his pulse doth beat, and his heart throbs loud,  
Like a weaver's shuttle weaving his shroud.)  
He shall once more behold the sky,  
As they lead him like a dog to die!

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
One dreamt last night of his youthful joys,  
When he played on the green with the village boys;  
And in his cottage home did share  
His father's love and his mother's care;  
Then, in his dream, grew a man apace,  
As when he loved her with a smiling face,  
And, kissing her, wokt: Can words supply  
That son's anguish, about to die?

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
The other dreamt of crime and blood,  
He thought the devil before his door,  
And asked him if his will was made;  
"I've nothing to leave," the felon said;

The devil answered, "The rag thou 'st on  
Will be scrambled for like a trophy won,  
And some would bairn their dearest hope,  
For a look of thy hair, or thy strangled rope."

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
The chaplain comes, with a solemn tread,  
To pray with the living already dead;  
The gaoler, the sheriff, the hangman too,  
Make up the law's official crew;

And Death is there with a ghastly grin,  
Like a hellish shaman 'bout to begin—

The wretches write, and sob, and sigh,  
They rise, they dress, they eat—to die?

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
The prison doors are opened wide,  
Led forth are the felons, side by side;  
Death's victims in this mad'rous show  
Now wildly stare on the heads below;

They hear the roar of the mighty crowd,  
Gathering louder, and yet more loud;

They then fight, for places nigh,  
The spot where men are about to die?

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
Amid coarse ribaldry and scoff,  
A cry is raised—"They're now turned off!"

They struggle and plunge; they touch the ground;  
And one is turning round and round;

But of this strange, unseemly motion,  
The hangman had never the slightest notion;

So, tiger-like, he sprang on his back,  
And jerked till his neck was bent to crack!

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!  
The hanging is 'er—the men are dead—

Artists come to take east of each head;

The curtain falls, the crowd disperses,

With imprecations, and oaths, and curse;

And some were taken that crowd among,

For felony, where dead felons hang;

For home, for drink, the crowd departs,

And leaves the scene with hardened hearts.

Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!

Hath Christ said, "Man by man shall die?"

Shall man 't Almighty's place supply,

And slay him whom His bids live,

Taking the life he cannot give?

Oh! justice her wide bounds o'erran;

When man 'er slew his fellow-men;

And reason, now, to Heaven cries,

For sometimes innocents thus die.

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Build up the scaffold!

Build up the scaffold!

What lesson hath the gallows taught?

What moral good to the people brought?

Even some in age have tried to die,

The plunk they watched with youthful eye;

Yet statesmen will uphold this show—

This hangman's fair! Do they not know,

Though man hate o'er man's body power,

His life is God's eternal power?

Build up the scaffold!

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